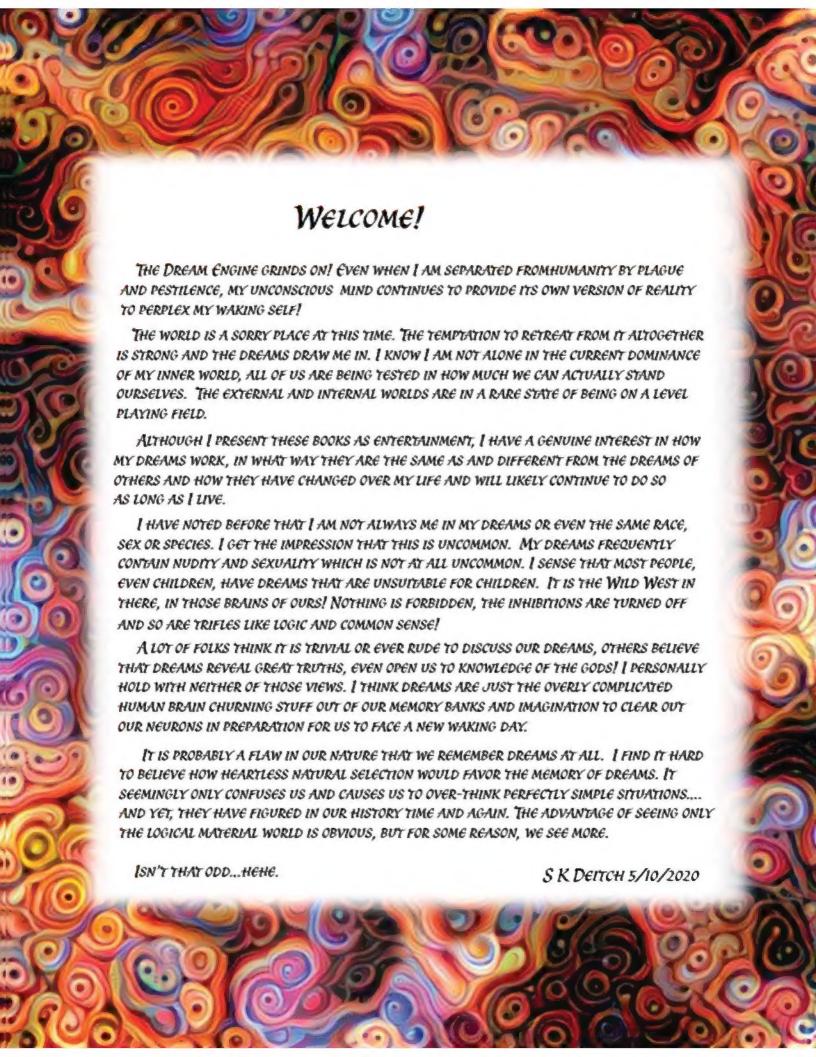






This book is dedicated to the memory of my father
Gene Deitch (August 8, 1924 – April 16, 2020).
He was one helluva guy, artist, film director,
cartoonist, jazz fan, etc, etc, etc!
To the very end he was engaged with what was happening now.
The "deep dream" processing on this image was done by him, not me.
He was interested in how it worked and
was interested in my dream books as well.
This one is his

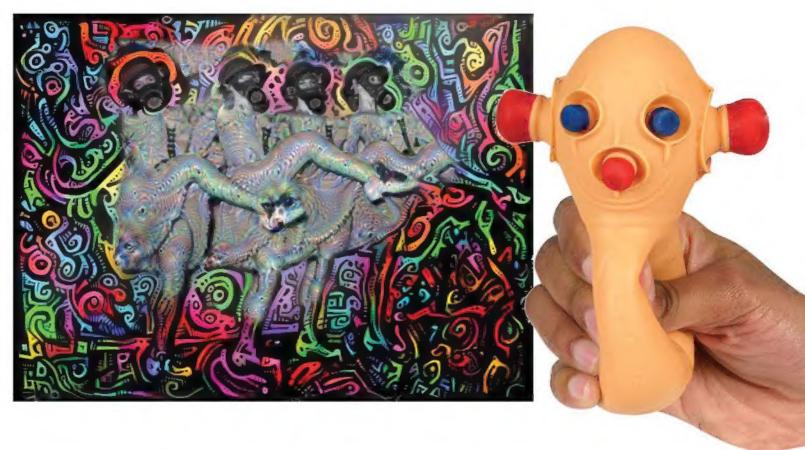




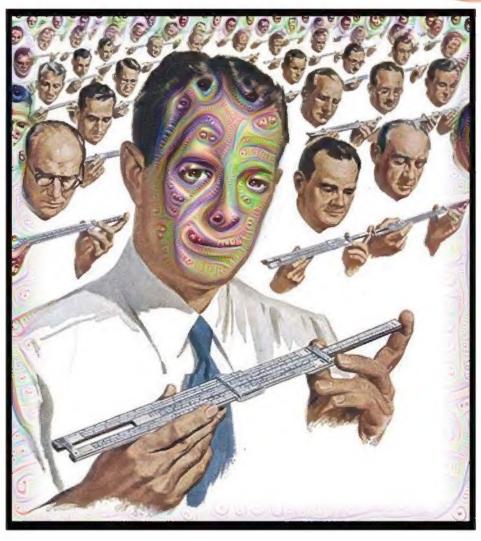
## WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!?!





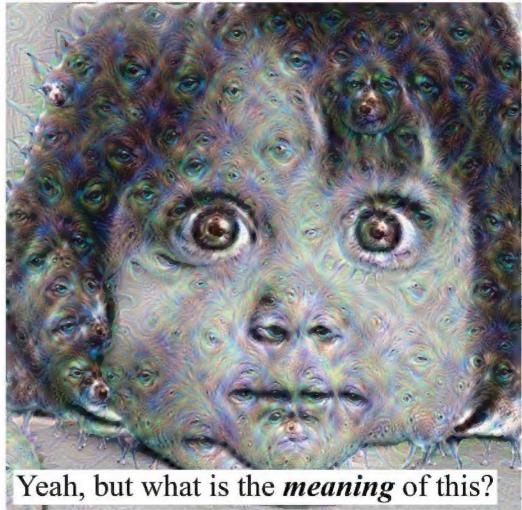


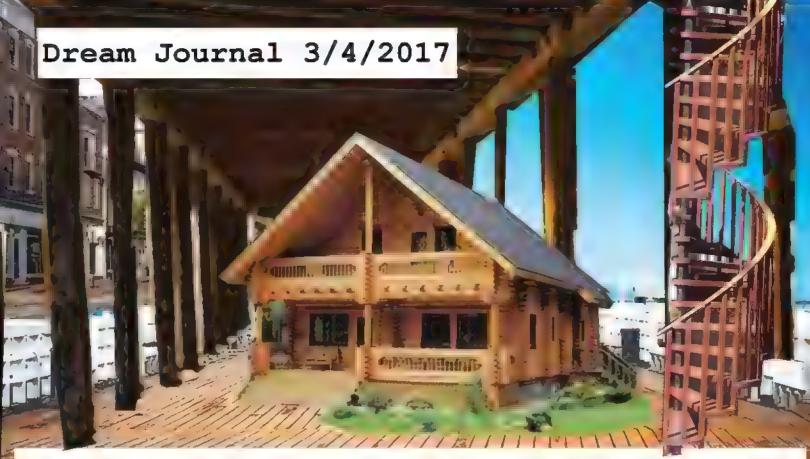












I have traveled to visit my mother. Not where she lived in Greenwich Connecticut, somewhere different. It seemed like a small town. Where she lived was sort of an apartment complex with wooden deck common avenues between the various houses. In the town, the complex was called the River House. They were full two or three storey houses, not just apartments. It was built in three tiers with Mom's house being on the second so there was a wood deck above her roof.

The upper tier houses got sun all day long. The houses on the

bottom tier were always in twilighty gloom but they were always nice and cool in summer. The entire

thing was huge and mile snaking through of a narrow river. The

stretched for most of a the town along the edge tiers were connected by ramps. Many people used bicycles or roller

skates to get from place to place in the complex. The avenue was fairly narrow so the house on the middle tier got sun in the morning and the afternoon.



in middle age.



I was in my late teens, maybe 19 years old.

My mother was glad to see me, but she also immediately put me to work. She had me straighten pictures and take out the trash. I was sent to the market to fetch various odd products, bags of thick, hard biscuits or wads of incredibly stinky cheese, sometimes large freshly caught and still flapping around fish. None of these were



People occupying some of the other houses were old family friends although their exact identities were obscure to me. One of them came by the house when Mom was out to invite us to dinner. He was known for his parties, picnics and barbecues. He had a big house on the upper tier. When Mom got back I told her about the invite. She warned me to behave myself when we went. He had some kids around



Later that day another man showed up. He said he needed my help with something important. The thing about this guy is that he was in a device that was something like the "lifter" rigs from the movie



Alien II but with much more hand like claws, and he was accompanied by a large, 9 foot tall or so and very broad, humanoid robot a little like Gigantor. He was a private detective and was investigating something that had to do with my mother's property. I needed to go with him immediately. The robot made a grinding sound.

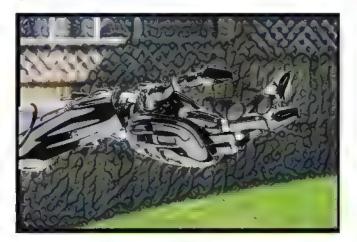
We went away from the River House into a more normal residential area and we were approaching a house. "This is the place" the man said. Just then I hear a shout. In the distance were two other men in lifters like the detective had spotted us and were pointing in our direction. "Damn!" the man said. "We can't waste any time! Follow me!" He and the robot headed around the back of the house in long thumping strides as I ran behind. Around the back was a basement bulkhead that the man directed the robot to open. The robot tore the

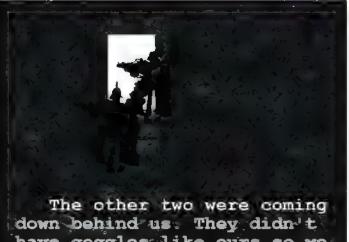


the back was a basement to open. The robot tore the entire thing off with ease revealing broken steps going farther down that they seemed like they ought to given the standard suburban architecture of the house..



The robot handed me a pair of goggles and motioned for me to put them on.





The other two were coming down behind us. They didn't have goggles like ours so we could see them but they couldn't see us. One of our pursuers was wearing some sort of super hero costume with an emblem of a bird on his chest. The other was a guy in a suit and a fedora hat He looked like a henchman in a Republic



They allowed me to see in dark and I saw that the detective was wearing a pair as well. We went down the stairs into near total darkness.

The detective said to me. "We'll hold them off, you go!" He and the robot engaged the other two claw to claw in battle.

I ran off down a corridor.



I arrived at a small room that was well lit. My goggles were gone. There were two tables, they both had several random looking objects on them. There was a small monster, maybe three feet tall. He came out from behind one of the tables and pointed at me and said "Ha!" and I was now on one of the tables. I had been transformed into a small disc like a poker chip and I was in a glass box, but that was only for a few seconds.



I was someplace completely different. Somehow I knew it to be another dimension and I was a player in a sort of game or contest. I was a

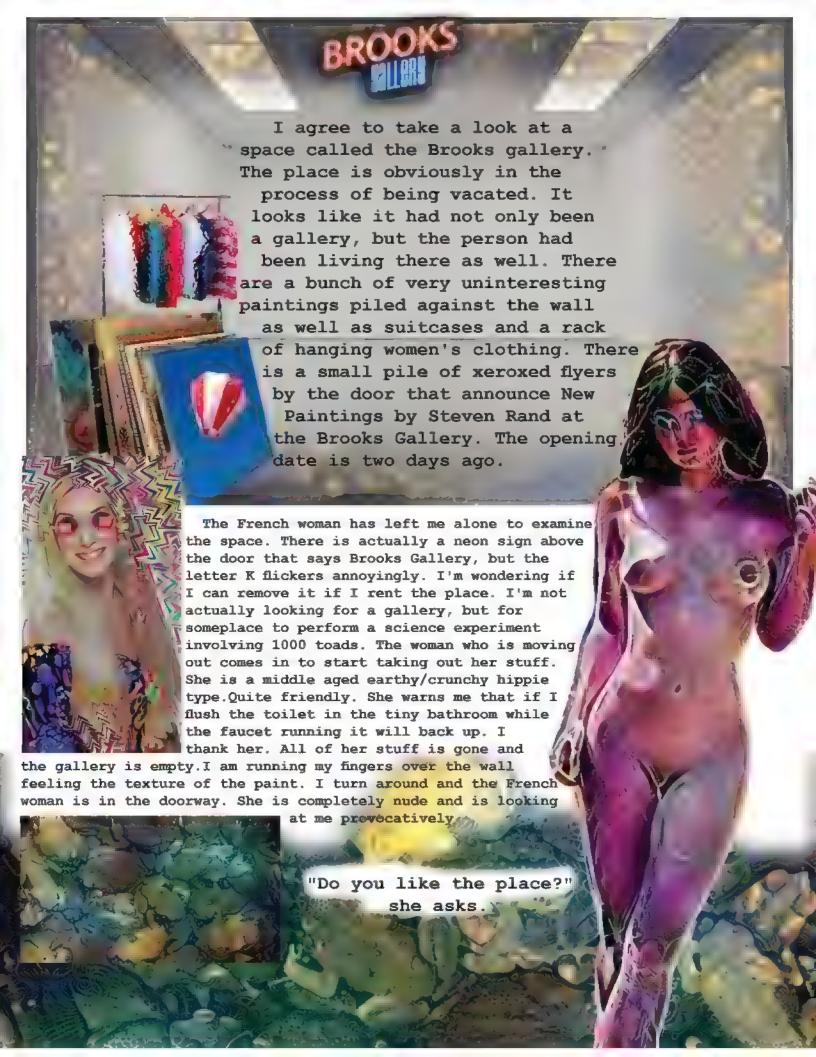
little monster like the one in the room and there were others like me. We were traveling around this world we were in collecting bits of information that we were using to create odd, flower-like sculptures, they seemed to be of cloth and metal and were as big as houses. The one of us who made the one most beautiful would win a prize. I thought I was doing well at both building my project and at hindering others from building theirs

That went on for a while and I woke.









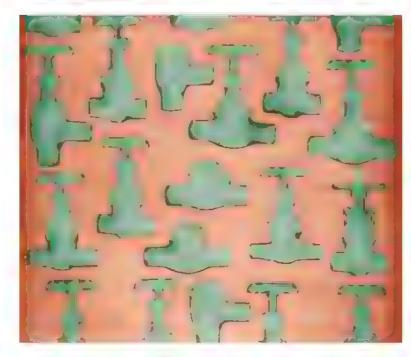












## Dream Journal 4/30/2020



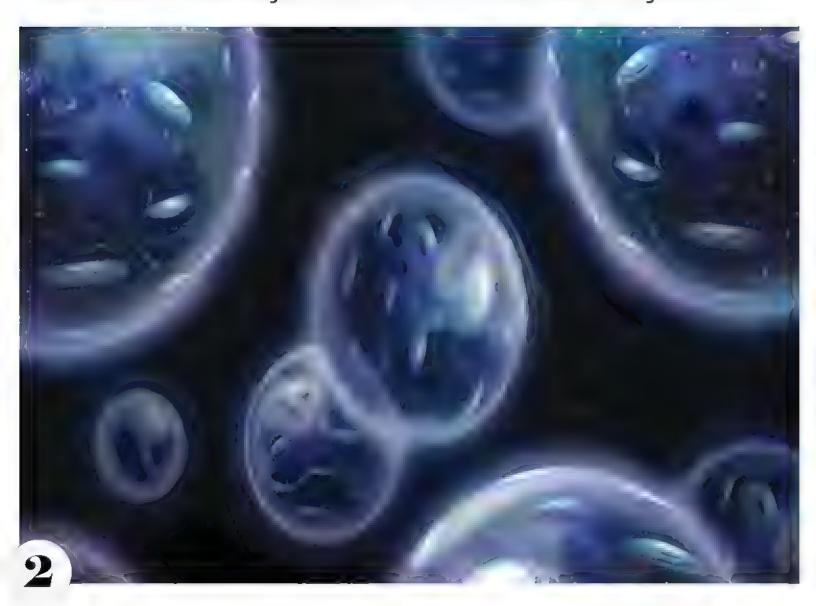
I am in a version of the home where I was born, but it is like some alternate universe. The man who owns the place is not my father and has sort of the bearing of a lord of the manor or something.



Throughout this my age keeps changing.



I am looking at all of this as if I have been here and through all of this before as if I were a time traveler, but not in the sense that one usually thinks of time travel. I am aware of how the future comes out, but in several iterations and I have no idea which is the right one or even if there is a right one.

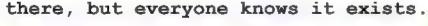




The person I talk to the most is a little girl, a freckle-faced redhead, who I knew as a child although I don't think she is a real waking life person.

She is particular to the dream.

Anyway, I am in my childhood home and I am asking a lot of questions. I guess I'm trying to sort out certain facts about my early life. I know that the girl grows up to be a circus clown and that the reason that happened has something to do with a huge tree in the yard that has a big hollow in it. I use the hollow space in the tree as my "clubhouse" although there is no club, only I use it. Even my brothers don't go







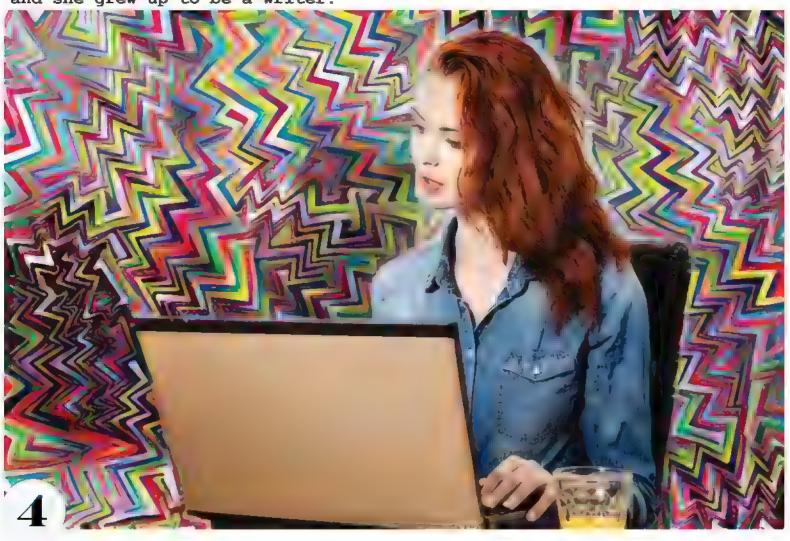
A tomcat comes out of the hollow in the tree, I think through a twist in spacetime. I saw it happen, he just sort swirled into existence.

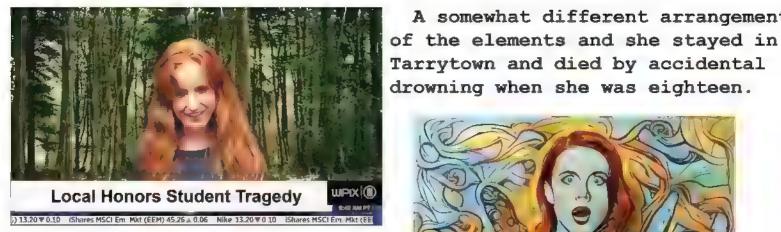


We tried moving a few elements of the spell/equation and then I had known her until I was thirteen when her family had moved to California and she grew up to be a writer.



The girl tells me that she has discovered sort of an equation that controls her future, or maybe it's a magic spell. Like a string of words and symbols that if you change the order of them or replace one, we understand that her life will come out differently. For instance I know that she and her family moved away to New Rochelle when I was six and the next I had heard of her was when I was in my 30s when I learned she had become a clown.





Another and her parents had taken her to Europe when she was nine and she had become a housewife.

There were numerous others.



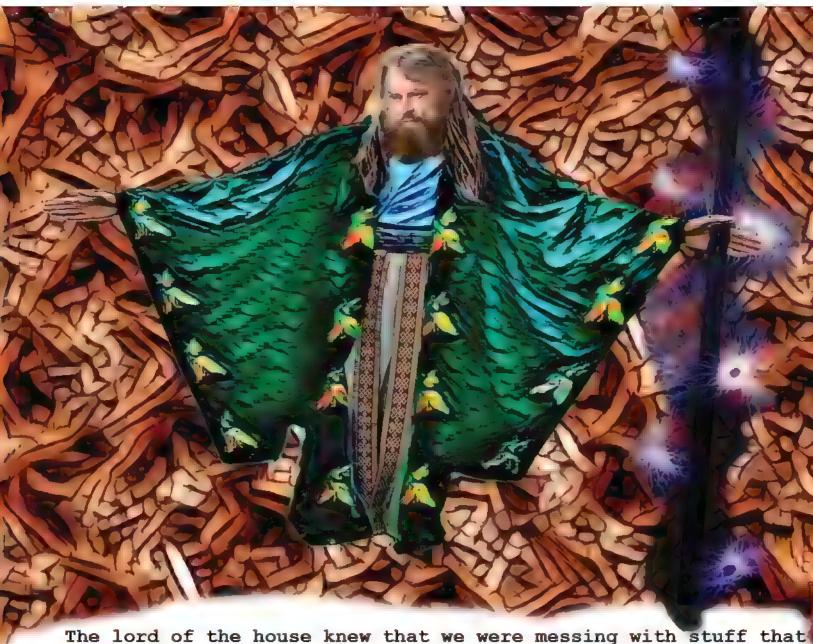
A somewhat different arrangement

We jiggered with it for a long time. We wrote the equation on the wall inside the hollow in the tree and there was a green button that we pressed whenever we wanted to know how a different version of the equation would play out. We would press the button and then we knew which way the future would be.



One time when we pressed the button a second cat appeared. While the first cat had been a tuxedo cat, this one was an orange tabby. The two cats hated one another and whenever they got close they would brawl.





The lord of the house knew that we were messing with stuff that maybe we shouldn't be and he called me into the house for a talk. He was a tall and wide man with a very serious face. He wore a voluminous robe of green velvet and he carried a large staff that appeared to be made of black glass. The staff was some sort of device that controlled elemental forces.

Sometimes it had electric sparks crawling all over it, sometimes flames. One time I looked it had a myriad of glowing particles orbiting one end of it. He told me that the thing that came out of the hollow were causing disturbances in the way things should be.

According to him more had come out of it than two cats, but he didn't tell me what they were, only that me and the girl had to stop playing around with it.

The girl and I are now both around sixteen. The cats have

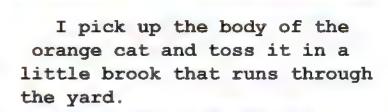


emerge a bit later bloody and

exhausted and collapse.

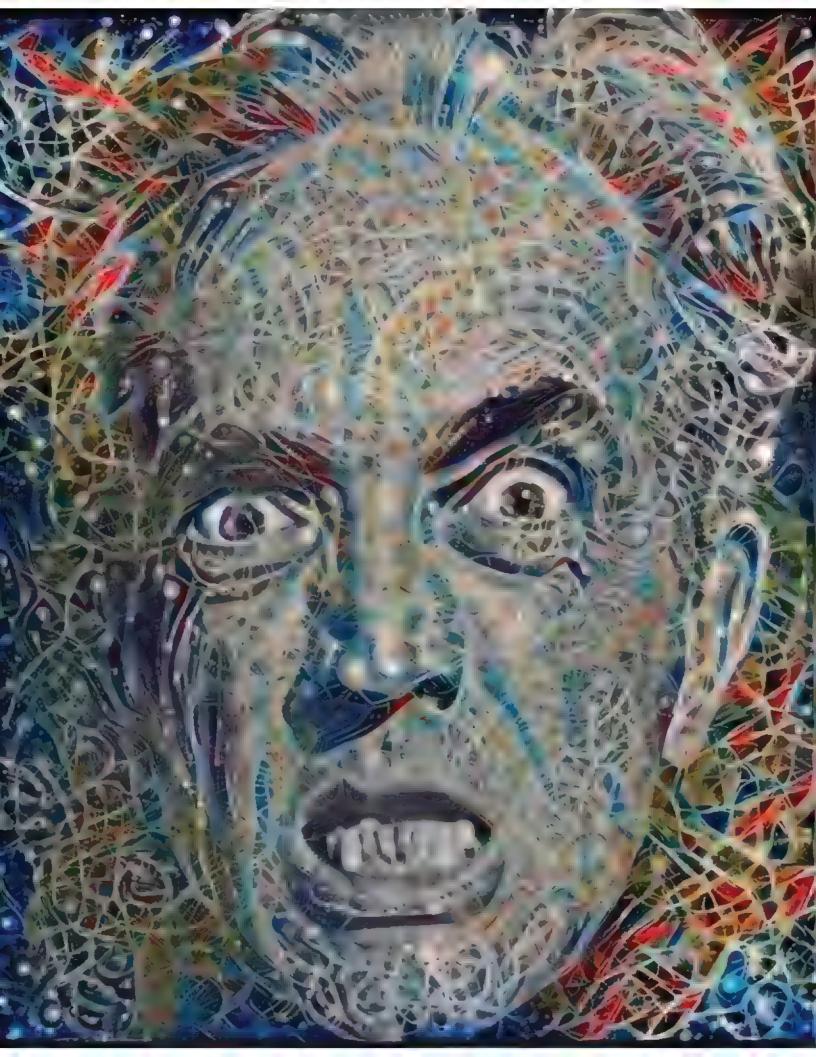
I carefully approach and tuxedo is wounded but alive and orange is dead.

The girl shouts for me to come look in the hollow. The cat fight has pulled the green button out of the wall in the hollow and broken it.





I wake.





## Dream Journal 3/16/2020



I am a young man and I am living in the town where I spent my youth, but it and I are different in a number of ways. I, my mother and two brothers occupy a building that resembles a castle with many rooms. The place looks like it could be quite ancient.



My mother is mute and only communicates by nodding or shaking her head.





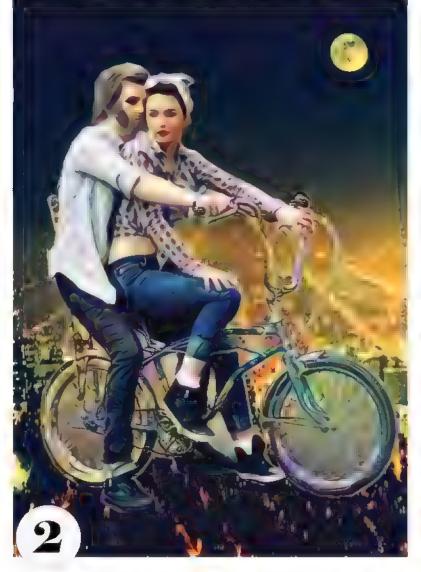
My brothers are a couple of rowdies who are more concerned about getting one up on one another than anything I might be up to.

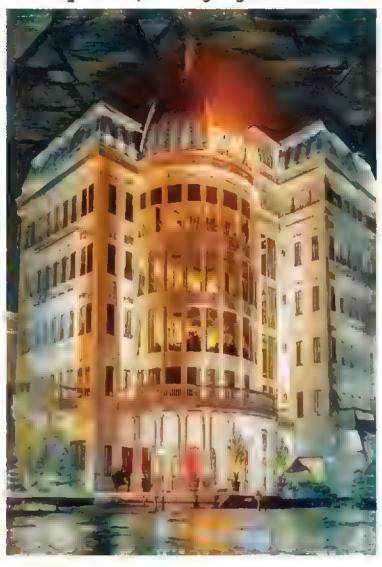
I have a girlfriend, a short, curvaceous and very pretty
Latina with a prominent butt and bosom. She is with me everywhere I go, but I can't always see her and I may be the only person who can see her at all. Her name is Rose.
I think that maybe she was / supposed to be imaginary.

I have a job where I make complicated arrangements of objects on rolling shelves that include books, curios, small mechanical devices and bottles of various liquors. A few other people work

devices and bottles of various liquors. A few other people work with me in a small factory that is located on the site of where in my town. In spite of the fact that what of money and takes skill to do, we are not paid all that much.

At night I set out on my bicycle for a place that also never existed in my town, a huge grand hotel.





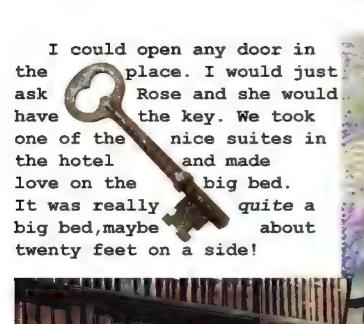
When I would go there at night there were always fabulously dressed





In some rooms it was a dinner gathering, in others a ball and in others still, a debauched orgy of drinking, drugs and abandoned sex. I acted like I belonged there and the party people seemed to assume that I was part of the service staff. If one of them asked me to refill a drink or bring them a snack, I would oblige them as part of my cover.





There was a library in the building, like a huge college library with many ancient volumes. The pages of all of the books were printed in this difficult to read blackletter font a bit like a 19th century German book, but they were in English. Even so, Rose could read them better than I could and

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The first graves and the man without fail of the felleng the felle THE ENGLISH WHEN THE WAR THE STATE OF THE ST The books I was most interested in were illustrated science textbooks having to do with the animal mill denouse them all's life of a continent where dinosaurs still existed. but they were quite small. of Shiffy moment & constant

There were creatures like a brachiosaurus or a tyrannosaurus, but they were only the size of a poodle. There were people who lived in that land and they were proportionally sized to the dinosaurs, about the size of cockroaches. I was looking at an illustration of one of their villages, they were naked, primitive hunter/gatherer types who lived in simple mud huts and I was now in the village with them. I was mostly naked with only a necklace of shells and a few feathers in my hair and so was Rose.



The people could see Rose.

These people worshiped a great carnivorous dinosaur called

Gorban who had to be appeased

Gorban who had to be appeased with a human sacrifice at every new moon.

They made Rose their queen and she offered me up for the sacrifice.







Mine was added to a list of names in a petroglyph on a mountain side in an alphabet made from stylized images of dinosaurs, men and women and trees. I was chained upon a high stone column to await my fate. I begged Rose for the key out of this place and she stood on the column beside me and held it tantalizingly before my face.

I was back in the library, but Rose was no longer there.

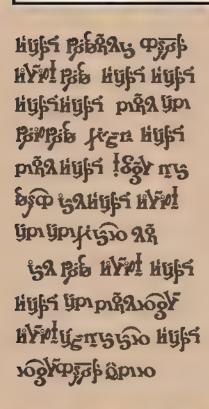
I laughed and awakened breathing hard and maybe laughing a little bit.



## क्रिकि भिर्भि



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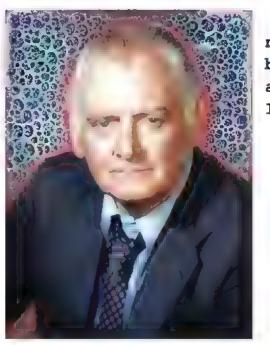


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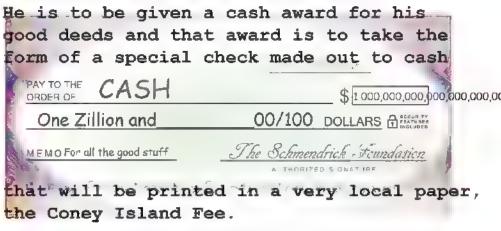




## Dream Journal 4/28/2018



There is a guy in Coney Island who is a notable doer of good deeds. He is portrayed by Art Carny although he never actually appears in the dream, just that is the face I see whenever I think about him.

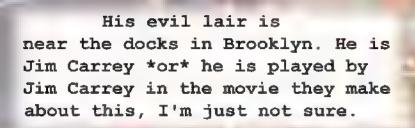


I learn that the guy is out of town and I realize that because it is made out to cash, just anybody could go and take it out of his mail box and cash it. I make it my mission to make it to his rescue the check for him before some reprobate decided to purloin it.

I hop in my 18 wheeler which happens to be hauling a container full of ancho peppers and head for Coney Island via I-95. There is patriotic music playing and I'm the here!



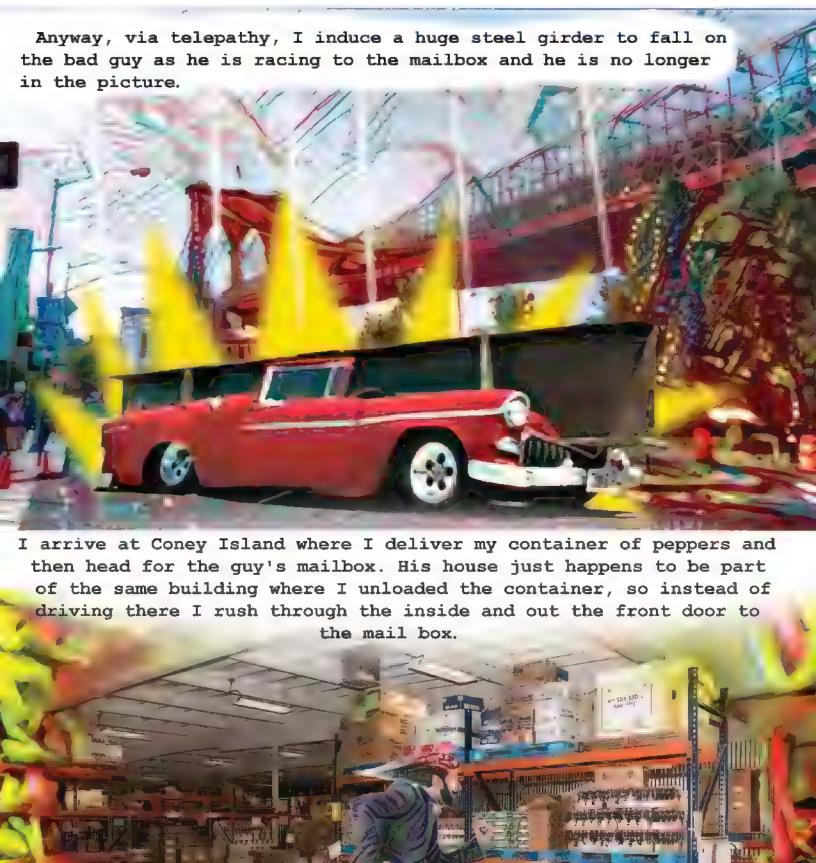
In Coney Island there is a bad guy plotting to steal the paper from the mailbox. He wears a spandex costume that has a roadmap theme. My progress toward Coney Island can be seen as a moving dot on his chest. He had some clever comic book villain name, but I can't remember it.





Throughout this entire thing I am also envisioning the film that will be made about it.

In the movie, I'm played by Jason Alexander, which I hate the idea of, but he puts in a fine performance nonetheless.





I wake

4



## Dream Journal 8/13/2018

Another very vivid sex dream. These are becoming more frequent. These dreams seem to engage a whole different sensorium than most of my other dreams. My senses of touch and smell are far more heightened. Different parts of my brain must be active when I have these dreams.



A young woman I know drops by my office. She is a lovely brunette. Very young, no older than twenty. She has a nice figure, on the curvy side with a prominent butt and medium sized bosom. She has always caught my eye, but I have always tried not to stare. I wouldn't want her to think I'm a creepy old man. Our relationship has always been cordial.

Today she is wearing a gray dress that accents her figure well. Its hemline is right above her knees. She is in a bubbly mood. "Hi! How was your weekend?"

"Oh, pretty ordinary. I did shopping, got a few things done around the house. What about you? Did you do anything fun?"

She looked only slightly shy. "Well, me and a couple of my friends, we all went and got our pussies waxed!"

I wasn't sure I had heard her correctly. "Pardon?"

"Yeah! No hair down there! It's \*so\* smooth!"

"Wow!"

"I know, right? I just can't stop touching it!" she pauses and then, "You want to see?"

I'm not sure what to do. "That doesn't seem like it would be appropriate, I mean...."

"I want to show you. It's ok. Just between you and me." She lifts up her dress. She isn't wearing panties. Her lower belly curves out just a bit, her thighs are plump and curvy. Her vulva is bare and smooth like peach colored porcelain. She spreads her legs slightly revealing a little farther down where her inner lips protrude just a bit. They are the color of watermelon flesh.

Again, I say "Wow."

"You should touch it, it's \*so\* smooth!"

"I don't think...."

"It's ok, I want you to. Go ahead. Don't finger me or anything, just feel how smooth it is!"

I timidly reach out and place my hand on her lower belly and move down slowly. Her vulva is soft and smooth and radiates warmth. when my hand makes contact she softly says "Ooooo" My fingers barely touch her inner lips which are just a bit moist. I held myself back from parting her labia with my fingers and pulled my hand away. "See what I mean?" She said. "Soo smooth!" She dropped her dress back down.

I woke just as I was raising my hand to my nose for a sniff.







